



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 13. No. 10. 2nd December, 1940



CHRISTMAS ISSUE

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

Summer Meeting, 1940



First Day

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

Principal Event, THE VILLIERS STAKES



Second Day

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26

Principal Event, THE SUMMER CUP

WARWICK FARM RACES

To be held on Randwick Racecourse



SATURDAY, JANUARY 11

ALL RACES DESCRIBED in RUNNING through AMPLIFIERS

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 13. No. 10



2nd December, 1940

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•
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•
Secretary:
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 28th December, 1940 (in aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W.), and on Wednesday, 1st January, 1941.

The Club Man's Diary

A great cause is assured always of a great-hearted response.

This has been borne out again by the magnificent rally of the A.J.C. Committee, of public bodies, and of sportsmen to Tattersall's Club which, always in the forefront in patriotic service, decided to subscribe to the Lord Mayor's Fund net proceeds of the first day (December 28) of the club's annual meeting at Radwick.

Tattersall's Club has been pleased to do this as part of its sporting tradition, and in line with its policy of promoting substantial aid for war funds.

The club's record in the previous war was a proud one. This time the old policy will be carried on with new vigour. Of this the club's accomplishments to date bear witness. There shall be no slackening in the good cause.

Greatly heartening in respect of the meeting of December 28, Carrington Stakes Day, has been the response stirred among people who share a common purpose. Their co-operation is here acknowledged graciously.

Patriotism should take a practical form, and such splendid seconding of the club's lead shows that all the parties to this special race day have the right spirit.

At time of writing, subscriptions covering the prize money are practically assured; meaning, that the takings at the turnstiles should represent profit. And that should be big, for, apart from the attractive programme of racing, the purpose of the day is certain to cause to come along very many who are not regulars ordinarily.

Entry fees, acceptance fees, and the sale of race books will be sources of revenue. There will be on the course a depot for the receipt of voluntary subscriptions. It is hoped that members who use their privileges at the entrance gates will make contributions in this manner.

The committee of the A.J.C. has given the course rent free, as well as subscribed £500. The Liquor

Trade has provided £500, the stake for the Denham Handicap, and the Retail Traders' Association has given £450, the stake for the Juvenile Handicap. Bookmakers have provided one of the stakes, and the committee is assured of £1,000 for the Carrington Stakes prize.

Now for the day. Go along. Ask others to go along. Success in some measure depends upon every club member. Your goodwill and co-operation are sought.

* * *

IN GREETING.

*I wish you that without alloy—
I wish you joy.*

*When Fortune scowls, a fearsome
wraith—
I wish you faith.*

*What time you should with trouble
cope—
I wish you hope.*

*This else: from all your pangs,
surcease—
I wish you peace.*

* * *

Do You Remember 'Way Back when:

Over the season of Christmastide and New Year shopkeepers used to hitch trees to their posts.

Festivities were held in the homes. Nothing stronger than claret cup was served; and the party was content.

Stronger stuff was necked by the grown-ups, almost as a secret ritual, in the spare room.

At the musical evening songs included: "The Holy City," "Queen of the Earth," "The Star of Bethlehem."

The Christmas pudding was really prepared and cooked by mother—not ordered over the telephone. And it contained threepences!

Children believed in Father Christmas.

Cards conveyed our greetings, instead of their being sent over the 'phone or by telegram.

On Christmas Day we went to church and prayed, because we felt that way about it.

The Christmas carols:

*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in
terra pax hominibus . . .*

The rush in the morning to be first in with the Christmas present to mother. Father would have last kiss, but, it seemed, the biggest kiss of all. Mother would steal a little weep.

To-day, we still wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, but we feel that something is missing.

What is it but that which the years have stolen: the old order; and that which the years have claimed, the old home; and those whom the earth hath gathered in, the old folk; withal, our childhood and, with it, the magic of Christmas, leaving in substitute the husk of memory.

* * *

By way of making new members known to one another and, at the same time, giving them an official welcome, the Committee arranged a Cocktail Party in the Club Room on November 25th.

Between refreshments, the newcomers, who were accompanied by their Proposers and Seconders, were greeted in a happy speech by the

ENGLISH ROSES

*The English rose (the flower) is
charming, gay and free;*

*The English rose (complexion) is
fair as it can be;*

*The English rose (of courtesy) is
gallant, straight and tall,*

*But the English rose (of courage)
is the loveliest rose of all!*

—Ethel Miriam Pick, in the
"Chicago Tribune" (U.S.A.).

Treasurer (Mr. S. E. Chatterton) in the unavoidable absence of the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill).

Each member of the gathering wore a badge bearing his name. This made approach easy, and provided an intimate personal touch through which formal introductions were facilitated.

The toast of "New Members," drunk in their honour by the old members, topped off a function that many of the newcomers were heard to describe as a "charming gesture."

* * *

When Old Rowley romped home there were inquiries as to the longest-priced horse that started in a Melbourne Cup. So far as the starting prices recorded are concerned, the answer is E.D., a bay horse which ran in the name of J. Barnard, was ridden by King, and carried 6st. 7lbs. in the race of 1888, won by Mentor. The offer against E.D. was 500 to 1.

Other long-priced ones in that race were: 100 to 1 each Newminster, King of the West, Touchstone, Menotti, Lord Heddington, Ben Bolt or Pharo; 200 to 1 v. Beryl or Ilex.

* * *

Members of the A.J.C. maintain in Sydney a free hostel for servicemen, whether of the Navy, Army, or Air Force. One of them wrote recently to the "S.M. Herald" a tribute to the generosity of A.J.C. members, and praised the establishment as a practical contribution to the immediate needs of servicemen.

* * *

Mr. H. G. Hughes, who has been elected President of the Employers' Federation—and before that was for 14 years a member of the council—is one of Sydney's best-known, and

best-liked, men of affairs. He has attained in business not only success, but distinction, and, with both, the esteem of members of the financial, commercial and industrial worlds. He is a leader by experience and temperament.

* * *

The latest Hitler story concerns the Fuhrer walking briskly down the Champs Elysees, going to the

"RED CROSS DAY"

**FRIDAY, 6th DECEMBER,
1940**

•

**Members of the Club and
the public are invited to
patronise the Club's Stall—
at the corner of Martin
Place and Castlereagh St.**

Louvre, picking up a marble bust of Moses, and taking it home with him to Munich. An associate entered his office one day to find him before the statue, saying in imploring tones: "O, Moses, please tell me how you got your boys across the river!"

Fancy the great Carbine being timed for a gallop by one of those ancient contraptions through which sand ran, and by which housewives of the past regulated the boiling of eggs! Charlie O'Connor, a prominent jockey in N.S.W. in the 'nineties—who later became an owner-trainer in N.Z.—used to tell the story with relish up to the day of his passing.

Dan O'Brien had Carbine at the time. It was before the famous horse was brought to Australia. Dan's method was to time the horse in his gallops by means of the ancient glass. One morning while Dan was away, a trainer—whose name became a household word in Australia and N.Z. in the nineteen twenties—led a horse on to the track, evidently for a secret trial.

The story that Charlie O'Connor used to tell is that, noting Dan's absence, Mrs. O'Brien set the time glass at the start, and rolled it on to its side at the finish. When Dan came home he was able to make a good guess as to the time put up in the gallop.

* * *

For one of Celtic extraction, I am strangely free of superstition; so that an event foreseen in the cut of the cards, or charted by astrological formulae, would impress me (if at all) only as coincidence or come-by-chance.

What, then, may I say to persons who look to the New Year to bring them luck, simply because it represents theoretically a break in measured time—a switch-over from an old year which, maybe, yielded nothing but ill-luck?

In my humble view, old year or new year has nothing to do with a person's fortunes, more than might be attributed to wishful thinking. Great, mysterious natural laws—in particular, the law of compensation—exert a benign and, anon, baleful, influence on our lives—meaning our fortunes. We have our periods of success and of failure. Not even the Wizard of Oz can work out why, when, where.

There is no magic associated with the change from one calendar to another.

(Continued on Page 5)

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New South Wales A. F. GLEED, Manager

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children

Proverbs 13, 22.

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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3)

other more than that poured out of a bottle in pleasant company, when: *Happy, thrice happy—who cannot tell at loving cup's close Whether head on the threshold or whether turban he throws.*

Our winning bets in 1941 will not be decided by a cut of the cards or by what the stars foretell. The luck of the draw may occur occasionally; but, generally, the majority of us will succeed most when and where we strive hardest.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 7th, Mr. F. Z. Eager; 8th, Mr. E. A. S. Watt; 12th, Mr. W. Gourley; 18th, Mr. G. S. Appelgate; 20th, Mr. E. W. King; 28th, Mr. M. Gearin; 30th, Mr. C. S. Brice.

Although Lieut.-Col. W. P. Farr was known to the many as Assistant Secretary to the A.J.C., he was a military officer of distinction who had served with the Australian Light Horse, in Egypt, Gallipoli, and Palestine, and had been called up again for service in this war. Only 51, his death was tragically sudden.

Mr. Frank McLeod, who died recently, was the son of the builder of the Town Hall, among other landmarks of an earlier Sydney, and was himself the builder of many central structures, including the original Challis House. His sons,

James and Hector, principals in the firm of McLeod Bros., carry on the historic name that had its genesis in a pioneer city.

Overheard:

Do you play golf?

No; but I can't knock the game off.

Recently I sat in on a discussion as to the definition of "sportsman," a term of lavish use to-day, but one which in its honest application embodies a tribute second to none. Here are selections from the discussion:—

One who knows how to win one day and lose the next. . . . One who keeps on playing the game according to the rules after he has been "dealt with" by his playfellows. . . . One who legs-up someone in need without rushing to the microphone. . . . One who says: "There may be another side to the story." . . . A hard man, maybe, but a just man. . . . One who doesn't sneak out of a moral liability through a loophole.

Captain Bundy, who died in November, was one of Sydney's best known men about town. He was formerly attached to an Indian

lancer regiment, and his military bearing remained part of his personality.

Death of Rosehill trainer A. G. Papworth, at the early age of 53, took from the racing game a popular sportsman. He was Sydney's leading trainer last year. Always keen, enthusiastic and fair-dealing, he will be missed sadly.

The passing of Mr. Barnett Hyams (Barney Woolf) removed a familiar figure from the racing regulars, and one who claimed many sincere friends because of his own sincerity and sentiment.

KEEP FAITH

A Christmas Message

● Can we take on the goodwill mood and mouth it into a greeting while war keeps hammering at our door?

Can we detach ourselves, for ever so brief a season, to feel the balm of the kind things of life, re-created in kinship?

That depends upon how each of us is in heart.

Have we faith?

Faith in ourselves; faith in our country; faith in our cause; faith in the timeless pledge of the ultimate triumph of right.

Not the faith of sitting in an easy chair waiting for things to happen.

A faith that inspires and bestirs; that bestrides all difficulties.

The faith with good works that Paul proclaimed in one of his epistles.

No better Christmas message to members can we think of than this:

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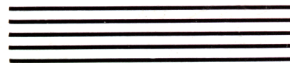
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TREAT YOURSELF TO-DAY



AND YOUR FRIENDS, TOO, FOR
THAT MATTER, TO A BOTTLE OF
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A DINNER WINE IT IS WITHOUT COM-
PARISON. YOU CANNOT FAIL TO ENJOY



CHATEAU BELMONT SAUTERNES

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RURAL MEMBERS

Messrs. W. F. and A. W. Whitney, of Woodstock

During the past four years something has been written each month anent various of our rural members.

The bracketing of W. F. (Frank) and A. W. (Arthur) Whitney here is done designedly; they come from a family steeped in highest tradition for their forbears were pioneers in back-country activity.

It is apropos to mention here that Mrs. Whitney Snr. has for long been lovingly known as the G.O.L. of short-horn cattle breeding in N.S.W., and even now, in her nineties, is a regular exhibitor and attendant at Sydney Royal Show.

With such a background have our members played their part to become part and parcel of the Western District, and much of the remarkable progress round Blayney, Carcoar, Cowra, and Woodstock way can be traced back to the Whitney foundation-touch in by-gone years.

The Whitney Pastoral Company Ltd. at Carcoar represents the seal of successful endeavour after years of trial and tribulation.

Frank and Arthur are now engaged, mainly, on the Woodstock property known as 'Waugoola' where evidence is found on all sides that the old tradition still holds good.

Both are great sportsmen and we might well 'dip our lids' to the Whitneys Of The West.

Mr. G. W. Cobcroft, of 'Parraweena'

Gavin W. Cobcroft of 'Parraweena,' Willow Tree, possesses one of the finest properties in the Quirindi District.

When not engaged in the multifarious duties of a leading grazier our member enlivens proceedings at country race meetings where his colours frequently flash past the

judge ahead of rivals. Nor are all his energies centred round northern meetings for he has led in winners at Randwick and practically all our leading courses.

Gavin is related to the Moses family and can tell you all about the thrill when, in 1920, Poitrel carried the colours of W. and W. F.

Moses to victory in the Melbourne Cup.

And, what a victory! The champion, ridden by Ken Bracken, lumped ten stones over the journey and finished half a length ahead of Erasmus at a starting price of eight to one.

Apart from the spheres mentioned, our worthy was, in his younger days, an excellent cricketer and footballer whilst these days he uses a set of golf clubs far too efficiently for the majority of opposition met — altogether a most excellent combination bespeaking comradeship at its best.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM IS ON

If we lose, we go under. There is only one way to win. Every asset this country possesses must be pledged: every industry, every branch of science, every public utility must be developed and harnessed to the supreme effort. Australia needs your money; needs it badly; needs it NOW. At Any Bank, Money Order Post Office, or Stockbroker's office you can now PROVE the extent of your patriotism. Invest for Victory in the War and Australian Prosperity when victory is won. Interest will be $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for 5 years' term, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for 10-16 years. Subscriptions may be paid by instalments.

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FOR FREEDOM

Lincoln's Inn—Past and Present

(By Edward Samuel)

Lincoln's Inn, one of the four great Inns of Court, with its mellow, russet brick buildings, herbaceous borders and well-tended lawns, is one of the most reposeful retreats that remain in London. And, even though the hand of the restorer has been laid upon parts of the inn, an atmosphere of old-world dignity still lingers.

Hitler has recently been dropping bombs upon the Inns of Court. Just how much damage has been done, I do not know, but it is highly improbable that the buildings are ruined beyond repair, because they are quite extensive, and it would take a goodly number of bombs to wipe them out. They are very beautiful and old. It would be a sad thing, a bad thing, if the war took them from us.

The official records of Lincoln's Inn, called the Black books, date back to 1422, when the society was in active being. It has continued without interruption from that time until now.

In the early 15th century, the space west of the City was occupied by the homes of prelates, nobles and other men of substance. Spacious homes they were, too, each with its own hall, chapel and gardens. The land upon which Lincoln's Inn now stands was then in possession of two magnates, Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and the Bishop of Chichester.

At this time the lawyers who were gradually severing their connection with the church, were gathering round London, where their skilled services were becoming more and more in demand, owing to the increase of wealth and of commercial undertakings. Henry de Lacy, who was interested in the law, encouraged a body of lawyers to fix their abode near his house in what is now Holborn, a busy thoroughfare connecting the City with Oxford Street.

He opened his house to the students, and thus began the famous Inn of Court, wherein such celebrated men as Sir Thomas More, William Pitt and David Garrick started their careers.

For many years the inns were not associated solely with law. They were rather academies to which noblemen sent their sons to learn manners and to be kept out of mischief. Small communities, framing their own laws, the inns resembled the City Merchant Guilds. The rules were strict, and members had to conform to them in all matters or they were liable to be expelled.

The inns came to be divided into three groups—the Sergeants' Inn was the residence of the judges; the Inns of Court remained exclusive to barristers and advocates, while the smaller Inns of Chancery affiliated to the latter were left to the clerks of chancery and to students. But the Inns of Court became so fashionable that more and more students aimed at joining them from the commencement of their studies, and gradually the Inns of Chancery ceased to function. By the end of the 18th century their day was passed.

Change comes slowly to these old institutions, and customs of bygone days die hard. The charwomen of the inn are still called laundresses, though the regulations as to their being at least forty before they might enter the chambers of the men has been relaxed a little. An old-time servant called a "panyer" still survives, and one of his duties is to summon the barristers to dinner by calling out the word "Manger" in each of the courts. This is a survival of the days when French was the language of educated society.

But most quaint of all old-time relics are the oak knobs which still remain on the central newel of the staircases that wind up to the barristers' chambers in the old buildings. They date from Tudor times. In the days of heavy drinking, when some of the gentlemen of the inn were accustomed to return home to their chambers so inebriated that they were unable to mount the stairs unaided, the knobs were put there in convenient positions so that the

gatekeeper might have his night's rest uninterrupted.

The old buildings are constructed from hand-made bricks that time has mellowed to a most beautiful dull red. They were made in the Coneygarth, on a section of the Bishop of Chichester's garden which had stood on the corner of Chancery Lane. By the 16th century, however, the palace had been pulled down and the land used for commercial purposes, one purpose being to build the abovementioned brick kiln.

But there was still a silver stream running down what is now Holborn, and in place of the slums of Islington and Clerkenwell there were pleasant meadows which stretched away to the blue hills of Hampstead. Oh, London, how you were transformed by the Industrial Revolution!

It is said that Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer on the gateway which leads from Lincoln's Inn to Chancery Lane, his trowel in one hand and a copy of Horace's Odes in the other. Some gentlemen of the inn, however, pitied his wasted talents, and adopted him as their protegee, so that he was able to exchange his trowel for the more congenial pen.

In a house near this gate, John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell, lived from 1649-59, and there is a piquant story relating to his residence there; one night Cromwell came to confer with him over a plot that was being hatched to lure him who later became Charles II. away from Bruges, where he was living in exile, back to England, so that they might have him assassinated. At the end of the discussion, Oliver observed in the shadows of the room the sleeping form of Thurloe's clerk.

Afraid that the lad might have overheard their conversation, he prepared, after the fashion of dictators in such circumstances, to sacrifice the boy's life to his fears. But Thurloe insisted, by passing a candle from the table close to his face, that the clerk was asleep. Cromwell stayed

his hand, and the self-possessed boy, who was not asleep at all, warned Charles in time to prevent him from coming to England. Such are the trifles which influence the course of history. Whether Thurloe restrained Cromwell for love of the clerk or because he discerned the shadows which coming events were casting, we shall never know.

An archway leads from Old Square into the 18th century New Square, with its lovely Queen Anne and Georgian houses, now marred by strips of paper stuck to the windows to prevent shattering in the event of air raids. Probably by now some of these lovely houses are just a heap of ruins. The garden in the centre of the square is graced by a lily pond and a pair of fine wrought iron gates which face the New Hall. This hall was built in the old Tudor style some hundred years ago because

the Old Hall of Henry VII.'s day was no longer large enough for the barristers' requirements.

The Chapel of the Inn, the original form of which we owe to Inigo Jones, was designed just after his return from Italy, and the Italian influence is very noticeable. It is built on pillars which form an open crypt. This crypt has a beautifully groined ceiling in the perpendicular style. The space has been used variously as a meeting place for business and recreation, and as a cemetery. The last burial took place in 1852. In spring there used to be great tubs of daffodils that made splashes of yellow against the grey stone. But now the archways are filled with sandbags, and there is an air raid shelter underneath.

Between the chapel and the New Hall is a pleasant open square of

lawns and trees. Its eastern side is bounded by the stone buildings, part of an attempt made in the 18th century to rebuild the inn upon the classical lines then in vogue. The silver-grey, white and black of the Portland stone is lovely enough, but it would have been a great loss had the russet brick Tudor buildings in Old Square been demolished to make way for buildings of this type.

Though the war has ruffled the calm of this little world, one can still wander within the still peaceful walls and forget the giant red 'buses that lumber down Fleet Street just to the south. The ghosts of long-departed scholars, book in hand, seem yet to gather in the shadows of the old buildings that have been drowsing there for over four hundred years. May the Nazis' bombs not frighten them all away.



NEW YEAR'S EVE **DANCE**

Tuesday, 31st December, 1940

In aid of Tattersall's Club War Charities



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HELIDON SPA
For Better Health

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Annual Tournaments Brought to Successful Conclusion



The annual billiards and snooker tournaments were brought to successful conclusion during the last week of November. The finals were hectic affairs, though not brilliant. They were too dour for that, with contestants evenly matched.

Congratulations are due to the handicappers, who did a great job of work, as witness twenty-three games of snooker decided on the last black on the table. Contestants cannot be more evenly matched than that. Backmarkers were, on this occasion, eliminated from both sections, but they have had their turn through the years, and no complaints are forthcoming.

Viewed from every angle, the tournaments were thoroughly enjoyable to those taking part, and also lookers-on, who were far more numerous than for some time past. The billiard room received a great fillip, and many members, thus drawn together, have become regular habitués.

If one may be pardoned for expressing an opinion here, it would be to the losers who, in the main, overlooked the important point that the man who scores the required number of points first wins the game. "Safety is the art of billiards" is a worn-out adage. It is entirely wrong. Time was in championship matches, when as many as five or six "safety misses" would be given in an attempt to keep the other chap out. To-day it is realised that "scoring is the art of billiards," but it is no use being wise after the event. The point is merely mentioned in passing.

Here is something about the semi-finals and finals:

E. R. Williams v. C. L. Parker.

This match was the first semi-final played, and the handicaps were Williams (rec. 120), Parker (rec. 125).

Final scores were in favour of Parker 250-229, but the going throughout was not easy.

Progress scores were (Parker first in each case): 165-170, 201-173, 239-205, 243-226.



Clark McConachy, one of the world's leading cueists, who is to tour the Commonwealth in the New Year.

It will be seen that the loser had the run of the balls at the critical stage, but the effort was not sustained. Williams, as a cueist, has enjoyed better days. He is now completely out of form, and missed many shots, even though correctly played, because the old execution was missing.

The winner thoroughly enjoyed himself and took full toll of little bits of fortune that came his way.

F. E. Headlam (rec. 90) v. W. M. Hannan (rec. 160).

This was a remarkable game, and the winner, Headlam, provided the best piece of play in the tournament viewed from a handicap viewpoint. It is no secret to state that Hannan was a hot favourite for final honours but, as happened in the Mel-

bourne Cup earlier in the month, the "outsider" bolted home.

The loser had a chance to score from easy position at second visit to table, but missed. He had little opportunity afterwards, as the following progressive scores show (Headlam first in each case): 176-174, 191-174, 225-176, 250-187. The game lasted exactly 30 minutes.

Final.

"A fitting contest for a final" was the openly expressed view at the end of hostilities.

Both players rendered a good account, and the winner, Headlam, thoroughly deserved congratulations received. It was anyone's game right to the end, which is

more than a passing compliment to the loser when the Headlam "Old Rowley" act in the semi-final is remembered. A little aggression at the right time might quite easily have turned the scales. Progressive scores make interesting reading:— (winner first), 164-182, 185-206, 222-223, 238-228, 243-230, 250-239.

Better striking of losing hazards in the final stages won the game.

SNOOKER SEMI-FINALS.

S. A. Brown (rec. 90) v. V. Pearson (rec. 60).

Conditions were best two games out of three, and Pearson gave himself a great chance by winning the first 126-118; however, he crashed in the following two, 123-110 and 121-107.

(Continued on Page 16)

ASK FOR IT!

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It is not wealth or ancestry, but honourable conduct and a noble disposition that make men great—Epitaph on the grave of John Travers Cornwell, V.C., at Manor Park Cemetery, London.

It's the simplest, bravest story ever told. The story of John Travers Cornwell, V.C.—one of the most inspiring stories of the last Great War.

Where did Cornwell come from, who was he, that he should have had the qualities of greatness? The answer is that he was an East Ham boy. That he was fifteen years of age when he threw up playing in the streets to join the Navy. That he was on board the H.M.S. Chester—"Cornwell, boy, 1st Class"—after only a month at sea, when that cruiser went into action with Jellicoe's fleet at Jutland Bank on May 31, 1916.

The scene and Cornwell's conduct are brilliantly captured in this letter which was written by the Commanding Officer of the Chester to Mrs. Cornwell:—

"I know you would wish to hear of the splendid courage and fortitude shown by your boy. His devotion to duty was an example for all of us.

"The wounds which resulted in his death within a short time were received in the first two minutes of the action.

"He remained steady at his most exposed post at the gun, waiting for orders.

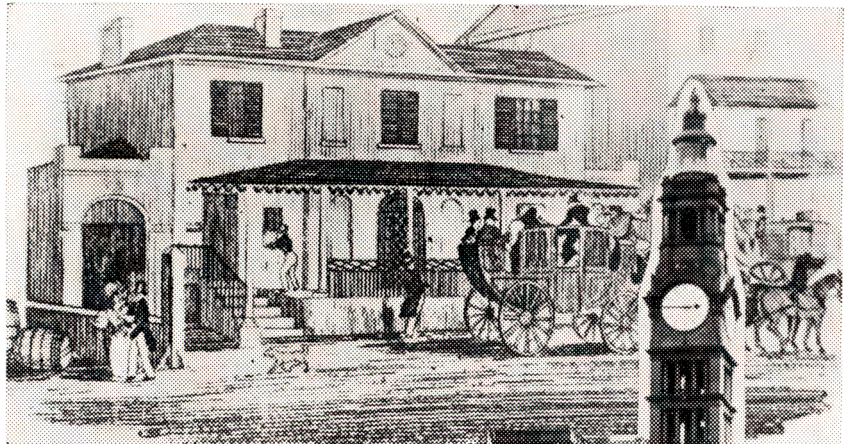
"I hope to place in the boy's mess a plate with his name on, and the date, and the words 'Faithful unto death' . . ."

They brought Jack Cornwell back to Grimsby. In a hospital bed they told him of the victory. But his last words—perhaps because he was a boy of just sixteen-and-a-half years—were of his mother. "I know," he said to the nurse, "mother is coming; give her my love."

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 56.



THE G.P.O., SYDNEY, IN 1838, AND THE G.P.O. OF TO-DAY.

POSTAL COMMUNICATION.

WE turn now from the biographies of the pioneers of commerce to the development of the essential public services of New South Wales, paying attention first to the development of Postal Communication. During the early years of settlement the inhabitants of Sydney simply went on board the overseas vessels when they arrived in port and collected any letters or parcels addressed to them. Under such a system impersonation and theft were ridiculously easy and the loss of valuable articles was common. So frequently did these robberies occur that in 1809, Lieutenant-Governor Colonel Paterson established an office on shore so that the mails might be distributed more carefully. As a result of this effort the first Postal Regulations for New South Wales were issued. These were brief and read as follows:

"ON the arrival of any vessel, Mr. Nichols, or a person properly authorised by him, is to repair on board, and to require that all letters and parcels directed for the colony be delivered to him, for which he is to give a receipt to the master, mate, or supercargo. An office for their reception shall be established at his house, and in consideration of the trouble and expense attendant on the duty the following sums shall be charged by him on their delivery: For every letter, 1/. For every parcel not exceeding 20lb weight, 2/6 and for all exceeding that weight, 5/. A list is to be published in the 'Gazette' of the names of persons to whom letters are directed. Soldiers' letters to be charged only one penny."

IN June, 1810, Governor Macquarie instituted further reforms in postal distribution, but it was not until 1825 that any steps were taken for the carriage of mails within the colony. In this year postage rates were fixed by Proclamation and ranged from a minimum of threepence to a maximum of one shilling per quarter ounce, the charge varying according to distance. In 1828, in addition to the Sydney office, there were established eight offices in country centres and

regular mail services were instituted. At the G.P.O. there were three persons employed: Mr. Panton (the Postmaster), a clerk, and a letter carrier! The revenue during the first year amounted to £598/2/4½, while the expenditure was £890/5/8½. In 1831 a charge of twopence was made for city letters and at that time the first boxes were placed in the streets for the collection of postal matter. In 1835 the first steps were taken in the classification of different types of mail.

IN 1838 stamped covers were sold at 1/3 per dozen—the first of their kind to be sold anywhere in the world. In the same year the first overland mail service to Melbourne was inaugurated. This service was fortnightly, and was carried over the greater part of the distance by a horseman. The first mail by rail to Parramatta was carried on October 1, 1855. It was in about the year 1830 that the first G.P.O. was built on the site now occupied by the great building of to-day. This building was remodelled in 1847, and in 1863 the staff was moved to temporary premises in Wynyard-square, which served for many years while the present building was being erected. This was completed in 1886, but has been considerably altered since, and modernised inside, while extensions have also been necessary to cope with the enormous volume of mail which is now handled by this organisation.

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RACING FIXTURES

1941

JANUARY

Tattersall's Wednesday, 1st
 Moorefield Saturday, 4th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 11th
 Ascot Wednesday, 15th
 Rosehill Saturday, 18th
 Kensington Wednesday, 22nd
 A.J.C. Saturday, 25th
 A.J.C. Monday, 27th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 29th

FEBRUARY

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Ascot Wednesday, 12th
 Kensington Saturday, 15th
 Kensington Wednesday, 19th
 Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th

MARCH

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Moorefield Saturday, 15th
 Ascot Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Kensington Wednesday, 26th
 Rosehill Saturday, 29th

APRIL

Victoria Park Wednesday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 9th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. Monday, 14th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 Ascot Wednesday, 23rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 26th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 30th

MAY

City Tattersall's Saturday, 3rd
 Kensington Wednesday, 7th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 10th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 14th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 17th**
 Rosehill Wednesday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 24th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 28th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

JUNE

Ascot Wednesday, 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. Monday, 16th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 25th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 28th

JULY

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Victoria Park Saturday, 5th
 Kensington Wednesday, 9th
 Moorefield Saturday, 12th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 16th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 19th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 23rd
 Ascot Saturday, 26th
 Ascot Wednesday, 30th

AUGUST

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 Rosebery Saturday, 16th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 20th
 Moorefield Saturday, 23rd
 Ascot Wednesday, 27th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

SEPTEMBER

Kensington Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 10th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 13th**
 Rosebery Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 18th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 Ascot Wednesday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 20th
 Kensington Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. Friday, 26th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 27th**
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 31st

Billiards and Snooker

(Continued from Page 11)

R. D. Kennedy (rec. 55) v. E. J. Bergin (rec. 50).

Only two games were required to decide the winner of this match. Kennedy won 112-92 and 110-97.

In the first game the winner took the last two balls for victory, while the black decided the issue in the second instance. You can't get it closer than that.

Final.

If there ever was a harder fought battle than this snooker final, it should be recorded for the sake of posterity.

Although, as in all other games, the most friendly spirit prevailed, the players were almost "tigerish" in endeavour to hang on to every advantage. Here again aggression was lacking, but, of course, every cueist was entitled to play his own game. The very seriousness surrounding the match provided entertainment in itself and held spectators till the last ball went down.

Each game was a marathon, and the time of journey for the three just short of four hours.

Final game scores were (Brown first): 131-112, 113-136, 126-92.

Actually, Kennedy capitulated when his opponent doubled the blue and left only two balls on the table.

Thus ended the 1940 tournaments. The finals were certainly fitting. Congratulation to winners and losers alike.

BRASSIE TROUBLES

(Gene Sarazen)

It is a very common thing to find a player who drives fairly well with a wooden club from the tee, but who is practically helpless with this type of club in playing through the fairway. I suppose every professional has had the question put to him time and time again whether there is any difference between the swing with the driver and that with the brassie. And to answer that here and now, no, assuming, of course, normal conditions.

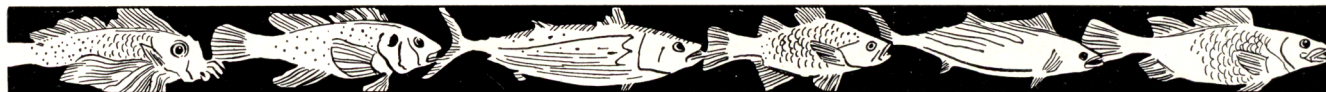
Wherever I find a player who drives reasonably well, but cannot use a wood club through the fairway, the first thing that I expect to learn is that his trouble is largely mental, being due to lack of confidence in getting the ball up, and a consequent tightening up of all of his muscles, accompanied by lurching and swaying himself off balance. The anxiety further manifests itself by his thinking ahead of the swing, worrying over the probable result of the stroke, and accordingly lifting his head and shoulders before the ball is struck.

If you can drive with fair success, keeping the ball straight and getting what you consider reasonable distance, there is no reason why you should not get practically as good results with your brassie. The main thing to cultivate to this end is a confidence in playing the stroke that will enable you to swing nor-

mally. To get this confidence, of course, it is advisable not to try to use the club unless the lie is fair. In other words, if you are in doubt, take an iron and sacrifice something in distance.

Now as to acquiring confidence with the brassie, the first thing that I would warn against is hurrying the back swing, and as a preliminary precaution, watch that you relax thoroughly before starting the stroke, and don't grip the club too tightly, especially with the right hand. All you need is enough pressure to maintain control over the club. When you grip tightly, you tie up the muscles of the forearms and destroy all flexibility, and flexibility is essential.

So start the club back slowly and smoothly, keeping it low along the ground. Then when you reach the top of the backswing, start it down in the same way. Guard against hurrying the stroke from first to last. The ball is not going to get away from you, so there is no need to hurry. Wait till the hands are almost back down to the level that they occupied in the address before you try to do any special hitting. As the club head comes to the ball, snap it through with the wrists, but don't stop the forward sweep of the hands. They must go right on through. Hit on out after the ball, and don't try to do any lifting.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

ANNUAL RACE MEETING

Randwick Racecourse

1940 PROGRAMME 1941

FIRST DAY : SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th,
In aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic & War Fund of N.S.W.

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £2. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE JUVENILE STAKES.

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination, £1; acceptance £3/10/-. FIVE FURLONGS.

THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

A Handicap of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1940, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination, £1; acceptance, £9. SIX FURLONGS.

(Nominations closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 18th.)

THE ENCOURAGE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden and Novice races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £2. ONE MILE.

THE PACE WELTER.

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3/10/-. ONE MILE.

THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £4. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

NOMINATIONS for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 16th DECEMBER, 1940, and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES:—In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.:—When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—

For First Day at 7 p.m. on Thursday, 26th December; and for Second Day, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 28th December, 1940.

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 9 p.m. on Thursday, 26th December, 1940, and

For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 1 p.m. on Monday, 30th December, 1940.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting, and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances; and in the event of the outer course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

SECOND DAY : WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1st,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. For Three-year-olds. Nomination, £1; acceptance £3/10/-. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE NURSERY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £450; second £63, third £35 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3/10/-. FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE FLYING WELTER.

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination, £1; acceptance £3/10/-. SIX FURLONGS.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP.

A Handicap of £1,300; second £200, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup, or The Carrington Stakes, 1940, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination, £1; acceptance, £12. ONE MILE AND A HALF.

(Nominations closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 18th.)

THE TRIAL STAKES.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Three-year-olds and upwards which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Apprentice riders only; allowances as provided by Rule 109. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £2. ONE MILE.

THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £400; second £60, third £30 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. ONE MILE.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.